He Needs Me

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He Needs Me

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Will calls Hannibal "Daddy" for the first time and experiences another awakening. Takes place a few months after the ending of my story "Perfect Match."

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"You know, not just physically
Emotionally, spiritually, intellectually, sexually
All the ways
He needs me" --Carly Rae Jepsen

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“Blimey, I’m *starving*,” Abigail groaned, flopping down onto the couch.

“You sound like a local.” Will laughed and put down his book, once again feeling so glad that his daughter had come along on the trip to England.

In fact, the three of them had fallen in love with this particular rustic village, full of beautiful gardens, quirky residents and lovely, haunted-looking old churches. Cobblestone paths, endearingly rainy weather, and stunning wildflowers made it a real jewel of a hidden paradise, ideally suited for two secret murderers and their adopted daughter. They decided as a family to disappear into this quaint paradise for as long as the mood to do so prevailed. Hannibal set up a practice as the town doctor after the previous practitioner disappeared under mysterious circumstances. Will fished whenever the weather allowed, fixed the odd broken boat on the nearby river, and spent the rest of his time while Hannibal worked in wandering, just blissfully losing himself in the enjoyment of that.

Hannibal had taught him, with painstaking love and patience, how to relax. Every day was a new opportunity to relish the sensations of being comfortable in his own skin, even reveling in it. He was a loving partner and a father, and pretty damn good at both. He was also a killer, and no one part of him cancelled out another. Will Graham could even be quite the languid tourist, soaking in the beauty, art and horror of a place to his heart's content, until it was time once again to move on. It felt, deliciously, that in their own small way they were conquering the world together. Yet for now they were each of them so entirely happy here that Will couldn't possibly guess when they might decide to continue their travels.

So it was that their vacation to England became an unexpected homecoming. Abigail was taking a few courses at the small local college. She even had a boyfriend, much to Hannibal’s overprotective disapproval, but deep down Will knew his partner was happy for her, as he was. She was blossoming, with her intellectual pursuits, boho-chic wardrobe and breezy contentment. Or at least, she was *usually* content.

“Soooo hungry,” she added, patting her belly. “Is it going to be ready soon? He won’t complain and go off on a tangent about how all masterpieces take time, if *you* ask him.”

“I don’t think there’s any guarantee of that, but I’ll ask Dad anyway,” Will chortled. He padded from the sitting room to the kitchen in his socks, jeans and flannel, and his face automatically went soft when he stood in the doorway watching his lover at work in the kitchen.

He often referred to Hannibal as “Dad” when talking to Abigail, the way he had heard other parents call each other “Mom” and “Dad” to their children, for consistency’s sake. And

because it made him feel warm, reminding him they really were a family. He thought nothing further of it.

Hannibal really was *such* a dad after all, even more than Will felt he was. The older man was stern when he needed to be, strong in his decisions, a wonderful guide and mentor. He was the one who had dreamed of this first, who had bound the three of them together in love and chosen family. The one who had taught Will and Abigail how to accept themselves, even in their darkness, their strangeness, the danger of being true to who they were. And like any self-respecting dad, Hannibal was an amazing chef.

Will still had to pinch himself every day; it was so hard to believe the dream really had come true. One thing was sure: he no longer had any trouble connecting with the concept of *family.*

Hannibal busily buzzed around the kitchen, humming some lofty classical piece as he created his latest culinary triumph, a bouillabaisse using some of the fish Will had caught earlier that day.

“Daddy, how much longer is dinner going to be?” Will asked casually, not realizing what he had actually said until several long, shocked moments had elapsed with Hannibal staring at him.

“Hmm?” Will said, then his face went red and his heart squeezed when his words echoed in his ears. “Oh,” he chuckled softly, but suddenly he didn’t want to make it a joke, or claim to have said it on accident.

He hadn’t realized he was going to say *“Daddy,”* but he’d meant it. Maybe he meant it more than anything else he’d ever said, maybe it was right on par with telling Hannibal *“I love you.”*

Daddy, he thought, looking at Hannibal with his handsome, refined face, his flawless white shirt tucked into snug, equally divine-looking black trousers, the apron neatly tied around his trim but ever-so-slightly soft middle. It felt just right to call him that. *My Daddy. I’m so proud he’s mine.*

It turns me on, Will realized as a shiver of erotic anticipation rolled through his body. Hannibal still stood there stirring the stew, carefully evaluating Will’s words and his shyly besotted demeanor.

From his initial surprise, Hannibal recomposed his own features into an amiable smile that revealed nothing. Was he *tolerating* Will’s sudden manifestation of a new kink, or did he like what Will had called him? Was it making him fucking hot and bothered, like it was doing to Will? God, he wanted to know, but there was something delectable about having to wait, drawing this out. Sometimes it still felt like they were in the early days of dating, the way Hannibal could so effortlessly make butterflies fill his stomach, lustful dreaminess taking over his body.

Hannibal tilted his head slightly in that way he had when he found Will especially, charmingly fascinating, and parted his lips to say something, but they were interrupted.

“Dads?” Abigail asked, strolling into the room, oblivious to their silent conversation, which was curtailed for the moment. “Sorry I was so impatient about dinner, I should have had a snack when I was studying.”

“No apology necessary,” Hannibal answered, neatly covering for the way Will was still standing at the counter gazing at him in a lovestruck stupor. “I’m getting quite hungry myself, but this only needs to simmer a few minutes longer.”

“Can we help get things set up for dinner?” Will managed, only to realize it sounded even more like he was addressing, well, his Daddy.

“Of course, I’d be only too grateful. I think we’ll have the partridge bowls with the gold napkins.” Hannibal remained entirely calm in appearance, making Will even more curious what was going on under the surface.

Will gathered the large bowls with the golden rims and center images of happy-looking partridges in a field, trying not to break them in the rising flurry of excitement that had taken him over. Abigail casually took out the correct napkins and utensils, now watching Will with a discerning, amused smile.

“What’s going on between you guys?” she asked as they set the table.

Will shrugged. “I think we’re flirting,” he explained rather reductively. His palms were sweaty and he knew he must be blushing.

Abigail laughed. “Well, you’re up to something for sure, and I don’t need any further details if it’s about *that* stuff. Thought maybe you were hatching a new murder scheme or something.”

“Hmm? Oh, no. Not today,” Will answered, extremely distracted. He could still hear the gentle, confident sounds of Hannibal moving around in the kitchen. It comforted him, as it always did, held him steady in a sense of home and completion.

Under further consideration, he began to understand that there had always been something warm and paternal about Hannibal’s demeanor towards him. As if Hannibal sensed he had never had a father to speak of, and sought to fill in the hole this had left in his heart. He had often said that the foremost joy of his life was to take care of Will, and he did so every single day, making sure Will was rapturously satisfied in body, mind and soul. Why had it taken so long for Will to put a name, a title, a proper *”thank you”* to the concept?

Now the word rolled around his tongue unspoken but secretly treasured. It wandered the halls of their shared memory palace, echoing, aching and wondering. Did Hannibal really feel the same about this whole idea? Would he let -- would he like Will to call him “Daddy” sometimes? There was only one way to find out.

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When they were alone again that night, Abigail off to a party with friends from which she would most likely not return until the following day, Will felt it was safe to broach the topic

again. He noticed that Hannibal did not do what he usually did on such occasions, which was to begin grumbling, the moment their daughter was out of sight, that she was probably going to sleep at her boyfriend Jamie's place, and how could they trust that feckless-looking young man who had never even asked Abigails' fathers' permission to date her?

Instead, Hannibal seemed rather pleased to see Abigail go, as if he had something pressing to discuss with Will.

At the expectant, slightly teasing look on Hannibal's face, Will turned pink and started randomly cleaning up the sitting room, rearranging the small pile of books he'd been reading, which he'd left fanned out on the table.

"Did you have any particular plans in mind for the evening?" Hannibal asked lightly.

Will stopped fidgeting and came to him, blushing, almost stammering, but determined. "Yes. I, um, wanted to talk to you. About something, in ahhh, in particular."

Hannibal licked his lips. "I think we might benefit from having this discussion in the bedroom."

Will looked up at him, wide-eyed. "Yes, I think so, too."

Standing by the bed, Hannibal cupped Will's face and left a warm kiss on his cheek. Will shivered at the soft bristly caress of Hannibal's bearded cheek, the way his skin felt imprinted after such a simple, nearly chaste gesture.

"Will you say it to me again?" Hannibal murmured, his husky voice laden with need. His fingers tightened on Will's shoulders. It wasn't until that moment that Will became absolutely sure the word had affected Hannibal as powerfully as it did him.

Will put his hands on Hannibal's waist, taking in every detail of this man, *his* man, his everything -- his whole world and joy in this life. The light eyebrows pinched in suspense, the silvery blonde hair which hung a bit overlong and shaggy because that was the way Will liked it best; the full, ever-tempting lips now gently parted. The strong, mighty body which seemed designed to hold him, keep him safe, surround him and make him giddily whole. Beneath the warm, tanned skin, the quick-beating heart that hung on his every word and move. Inside his smooth, harmless-seeming facade, the ruthless beast with an insatiable bloodlust. Will's magnificent mentor in the hunt, the only teacher he would ever need.

He leaned up to Hannibal's ear and whispered, "Daddy."

Hannibal let out a low growl, the sort of predatory noise which would rightfully make most people want to run for their lives. Will soothed his beast with kisses, just below his ear, then on his neck over the throbbing pulse point, and on the other ear he repeated it, his voice a feathery wisp, "My Daddy."

"Will," Hannibal sighed, laying a smoldering kiss on his lips. His fingers deftly worked the buttons on Will's shirt and pants, laying him bare to restlessly exploring fingers. He swept his commanding hands over Will's collarbones and shoulders, over the tensed muscles in his

back, down his spine to squeeze his supple ass. Pressing their foreheads together, Hannibal breathed hotly, “Did you really doubt I would want you to call me that?”

“Only slightly,” Will admitted, unravelling his lover with the expertise that came with a great deal of practice and familiarity.

He knew just how to tug the smart silk tie loose, then pull it away, how to unfasten each glossy button and push the fine fabric back from Hannibal’s broad shoulders. He knew how Hannibal’s body was underneath, always, the crisply soft silver hair on his chest which was made for him to tangle his fingers in, tug at and bury his face in; the hard, dusky pink nipples aching for his lips, the beautiful v of hips and the vulnerable softness of low belly. Hannibal’s strong legs and the sexy curves of his ass, his gorgeous, defined biceps and forearms, the hands, big and lined with veins, that knew exactly how to turn Will inside out in every wonderfully overwhelming way. The bulging outline of his cock, pressed impatiently to his trousers as Will cupped a hand over it, thinking, as he often did, to reassure and center himself, and in prideful secret bragging, *All mine.*

Knowing every detail of the man never made any of it less mind-blowing, the mere idea that Hannibal was his to taste, touch, make love to and fuck in every tender and rough way he wanted, and oh, God, he *wanted.*

Hannibal gasped softly when Will put a hand to his raging erection. His eyes fluttered shut, hips shifting forward, arching into Will’s touch, not in a sweet invitation, but in command. Obediently, Will took Hannibal’s pants off and wrapped a hand around his thick cock, moaning at the heavy, hard thrust of the skin into his fist, the way the foreskin shifted in a beautiful glide and pre-cum squeezed from the tip. Hannibal didn’t just *like* being called Daddy; it did *this* to him.

He loved it.

“You can see how it makes me feel when you say it,” Hannibal muttered darkly. “Tell me how it makes you feel.”

“It makes me feel...” Will looked up into Hannibal’s enveloping gaze and gulped. His heart palpitated wildly. “Safe and loved. Like I’m home. I belong to you. I’ll do anything you want, I’m yours. I feel small, weak for you, eclipsed, you seem so *big*.” He stroked Hannibal more firmly as a wave of arousal flooded his own body, stiffening his already aching cock even more. “I feel like it’s okay for me to be like that, needy and soft, you don’t mind. You like it, you’ll watch over me, always.”

Hannibal groaned at Will’s words, and Will loved the encouragement. “I love your affirmation, earning your approval and your guidance, Daddy. You’re older and bigger, and you know so much. I need you to protect me, teach me, love me. Take care of me, Daddy.”

Will’s voice fell over the words in a fluttery, shy way that only reinforced his sincerity. Hannibal pulled his hair, hard, and Will gasped in elation at the sudden pain and dominance. The older man pushed him aggressively to his knees and with a sigh of gratitude, Will sucked at his flushed, weeping cock. Even with all the times they’d been intimate, he could not remember Hannibal ever being this fucking hard, that fast. He surrendered to the bossy

harshness of Hannibal's need, to the big hand latched tightly in his hair, making Will follow the rough, merciless way his Daddy thrusted into the wet, snug embrace of his mouth. The tip of Hannibal's cock glided right to the back of Will's throat, and Will never lost his breath; he concentrated in complete dedication to making this what Daddy needed.

Hannibal's breath stuttered and he let out a string of swears in various languages. With great effort and a pained gasp of temporary deprivation, he pulled himself from Will's swollen lips and ordered, "On your back for Daddy, now."

Although his arousal was so strong he could hardly seem to process rational thought, something about the way Will smiled at him when Hannibal got over him made the older man's face soften, like the infatuation they had known the first few times they did this, but more, deepened by time, commitment and a stronger love. "You're such a good boy, Will," Hannibal praised, making Will moan and buck his hips seeking friction.

Will was at just the right angle to lave his tongue obsessively over Hannibal's nipples just the way his Daddy liked, and to thrill at the groans he drew out in response.

"You always make me feel so good." Hannibal stroked Will's face, roving a hand through his curls and tugging again. "You are Daddy's very special, beautiful, well-behaved boy." At the praise, Will's face lit up, fanning the flames of Hannibal's desire. The older man's lip curled in an adorable, demanding snarl. "Are you hard for Daddy?"

"Yes, I need you, please," Will answered, softly urgent. "I need you deep inside me, Daddy. Have I been good enough to earn a treat like that?"

Hannibal shivered. He shot Will a sharp look that was almost reproving. Will knew he was playing with fire; his gentle, yearning begging seemed to have the ability to strip Hannibal down to nothing but bare, unstoppable lust.

"So good for me, and so naughty, playing on what Daddy likes," Hannibal accused. "You know I can't resist you. But I have to get you ready first. As you said, Daddy is so very big, and you…"

He caressed Will's ass, then groped the firm curves with another growl. He stroked a finger teasingly around Will's hole as it automatically fluttered at his touch, squeezing with anticipation.

"You're very small, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Y-yes, Daddy." Will bit his lip, thinking he could come just from listening to Hannibal talk like that, saying those words in his rumbling, deep voice, accent thickened by desire. "I don't mind it if hurts. You know I can be brave for you."

"We won't let it hurt too much," Hannibal smiled, kissing his lips, "Only as much as you need."

Will trembled as Hannibal shifted down the bed and spread his thighs, then teased them with lingering kisses and bites. "Ouch," he pouted at an especially ruthless bite. He was high on

the way his boyish behavior brought out Hannibal's depravity.

"Now, now, you've promised to be brave. Daddy has to make sure he leaves marks all over his boy, so that everyone can know you are his. The marks I leave only for us to see are your special treat to enjoy. I'll never let you forget that you are mine, Will, I promise."

"Thank you, Daddy." Will relaxed his body into Hannibal's obsessive kissing and sucking, letting out a ragged moan when the older man's tongue lapped at his hole. "Oh, that feels so good!"

"Mmm, you're the best thing Daddy's ever tasted," Hannibal sighed between licks. He stroked Will's cock with expert skill as he went on eating him out, so that the combined sensations had Will's heels digging into the sheets as he let out a series of helpless panting mewls.

Hannibal spanked him, hard and fast, then turned him over, pressing Will's upper body down and keeping his ass pivoted up, on full, shameless display. Will's knees threatened to wobble but he focused his breathing and remained carefully in position, face against the pillow, hands flat on the sheets while Hannibal stroked the tender skin of his ass where he'd spanked him hard enough to leave red prints on the pale flesh.

"Look at how pretty you are," Hannibal marveled. He teased Will, slapping his hole with his cock, then gliding it rhythmically over his entrance. "So sexy and naughty, on display for Daddy to enjoy. Tell me what you want."

"I want to be your very good boy," Will begged, red-faced and sweating, trembling with need. Hannibal soothed him with more gentle, centering caresses. "I want Daddy's cock, and I might fuss if I don't get it very soon."

Hannibal growled and spanked him again, but Will's cries in response were only just beginning to fade when he felt the cool, sticky drizzle of lube on the overheated skin of his ass and knew he was getting his favorite treat without further delay.

"Oh, God," Will moaned, fingers digging into the sheets, toes curling when Hannibal started to press inside him. The blunt head of his cock slipped easily into Will's tight hole, but the steadily increasing thickness and pressure inside him made Will's noises in response grow louder and needier. "So big, Daddy, mmm -- yes, yes…"

"Good boy. Daddy's going to go slowly at first, so he doesn't make it hurt too much."

Will heard and felt the tension in Hannibal's attempt to be patient to draw out Will's pleasure to its utmost height; he knew it must be almost impossible for Hannibal to resist plunging deep, hard and fast into that slick channel and bring himself to a greedy, easy orgasm.

"Oh, Will. You're so perfect, feel so good...Daddy is trying, but…" Hannibal groaned as he continued driving in and out with long, slow strokes, pulling almost all the way out to make Will feel the long, claiming stroke back in to the hilt. On every inward thrust, Hannibal would hit the spot that made Will's eyes roll up in helpless pleasure, and having to wait for that was making him crazy, just as his lover intended.

“Daddy, I want you to fuck me hard until you come in me,” Will said roughly, “Fill me with your seed, make it drip out of me, then make me eat it. Show me I’m yours.”

That was all he had to say. Hannibal flipped them again and put Will’s legs over his shoulders, biting his calf, licking his ankle. He thrust in again and gave into his lust with no further hesitation, fucking Will hard, fast and deep, almost no time between strokes for Will to summon breath as his prostate was stimulated into a perfect ecstasy, blossoming inside him until he had to cry out, “Please, Daddy, it feels too good -- I can’t help myself, I’m gonna--”

“Come for me, sweet boy,” Hannibal grinned down at him, so proud, and Will did as he was told. Sharp, heavenly euphoria spread through him until he was dizzy, and in those moments he understood, so happily, that he was completely held, loved and protected, and he had Daddy right in the palm of his hand. It was the best feeling in the world.

Hannibal could only hold out for a few more hard, slick thrusts before he came, pressed so deep inside Will, cum spurting warmly. When he pulled out, shaking with the after-tremors of continued pleasure, Hannibal scooped up the sticky, white essence of his love which had dripped from Will’s hole. He brought it to Will’s lips, and Will ate it hungrily, keeping his big blue eyes on Hannibal’s overwhelmed, adoring face.

In fact, it rendered Hannibal speechless for the moment, or this whole experience had. He pulled Will into a tight embrace, and Will snuggled blissfully into the rough heat of Daddy’s chest, tickling his nose with chest hair, smiling against the smell of sweat, sex and spicy cologne.

“Have you been thinking about me saying it, before today?” Will asked, finally, after they lay there in lovely, happy silence for a while. “I would have, if you wanted.”

“I’ve thought about it, and considered suggesting, yet I suppose it was something like the lingerie.”

Will leaned back to look into Hannibal’s flushed face and the sparkle in his dark eyes. He raised his eyebrows, coyly smiling in memory of the first time Hannibal gifted him skimpy negligee, worried that Will might not share the same desire. Hannibal, the most confident man he had ever met, was capable of getting quite nervous when it came to Will. It was a wonderful, special, very secret thing to know, as lovely as any of the naughty proclivities they shared and explored together.

“We’re lucky to be so compatible,” Will smiled. He brushed Hannibal’s hair back from his brow and added gently, “But the next time you’re wanting and needing something from me, I don’t want you to hesitate in asking me. Don’t worry that I’ll say no. We can be completely honest with each other about what we’re thinking, right?”

Will noticed the complicated look on Hannibal’s face as he nodded, and felt a twinge of guilt at the request. After all, Will had been thinking about proposing for months, since before they left the U.S., and he’d never told Hannibal about it. He wondered if Hannibal was thinking about marriage too, when Will brought up the subject of unspoken wants and needs. Had Hannibal been planning a proposal of his own, or was he content to live on as they had, committed life partners with no more formal bond? For his part, Will had finally found the

perfect ring, after an agonizingly in-depth search, and now all he needed was the rest of his plan. He wanted to romance the hell out of Hannibal, knock him off his feet the way he deserved. And he was excited to know if Hannibal wanted the same, if he craved having Will as his *husband.*

“Completely honest,” Hannibal agreed as his slight hesitancy melted into a warm smile in return.

“Although it is kind of hard to think of a single kink we haven’t tried yet,” Will giggled.

Hannibal laughed and kissed into Will’s neck, right where he knew Will was extra sensitive. The younger man's hands came up to hold his lover’s strong, warm back as Hannibal gazed at him, his eyes tender with love and amusement. “I’m sure we’ll think of something, won’t we, my brilliant boy?”

“Yes,” Will gasped as Hannibal started doing all sorts of *things* designed to get him moaning and clinging again, “Yes, yes, Daddy…”

Tonight, everything was purely exquisite. Will was going to enjoy each small nuance of this, every gasp, kiss and sigh, every place he was going to be sore and aching and needy for more. He knew this was also how Hannibal cherished their time together, especially with his obsessive worrying about the passage of time and that he could never have any given moment with Will back once it had passed.

As for the ring currently hidden in the secret compartment of Will's desk in the sitting room...little did Hannibal know, he was soon to be subject to the most breathtakingly romantic proposal Will could possibly conjure.

End Notes

The next installment of the series will be the proposal, I promise! Coming soon 🥰

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